

EXHIBIT 7

Emails2

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From: scottballock@yahoo.com
Sent: Saturday, November 24, 2012 1:32 PM
To: Ballock Ellen
Subject: Tommy Update

Tommy and Ryan have spent the weekend bonding and it has been incredibly helpful for T. They have become best buds, playing games, trading stories, staying up late to watch movies and football together (they both slept on the couch because they stayed up way later than me). I am eager for T to receive the same sort of focused attention and unconditional love from my mom when she moves here in two weeks; T really blossoms with love. Ryan was scheduled to leave yesterday but decided to stay through the weekend for Tommy (Tommy struggled when Ryan first tried to depart). Tommy is still struggling. He climbs into bed with me each morning to be held, tears streaming down his cheeks.

Please try to remain kind and respectful. I am truly devastated by all that has happened. Devastated. I sustained myself with your love and the love of our family. I miss you so much it hurts, and I still pray you will reconsider all of our futures.

Love,
Scotty

"What can you do to promote world peace? Go home and love your family." ~Mother Teresa

From: scottballock@yahoo.com
Sent: Thursday, November 22, 2012 10:31 PM
To: ellenballock@yahoo.com
Subject: Re: How Could You?

They pronounce it kinny around here, with a letter "I." And he won't know the difference anyway.

On Nov 22, 2012, at 10:29 PM, "ellenballock@yahoo.com" <ellenballock@yahoo.com> wrote:

> By the way it's Kenny with a letter "e."

>

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> On Nov 22, 2012, at 10:22 PM, "scottballock@yahoo.com" <scottballock@yahoo.com> wrote:

>

>> How could you be so cruel as to let me write these poems, pour my heart out to you, cry every day and night, beg for you to come back, ask you every day to restore the family, and never be truthful with me about you and kinny? I told you all along I wouldn't compete against love, would move on if you had already done so. But you kept telling me lies, leading me on, denying your relationships, toying with my heart, making quiet overtures, giving me false hope. Pure evil. I will never forgive you. I will let these memories fade.

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Emails2

>>> A secret language
 >>> Ellie, Bo-bellen, Smelly
 >>> 6, 5, 4
 >>> Her head on my belly
 >>>
 >>> Standing next beside me
 >>> Beck Chapel, Too Much Light
 >>> Laguna, Nissokone
 >>> A dragon-slaying knight
 >>>
 >>> Mt. Zion stars at night
 >>> Four Square in the day
 >>> How could we let it go
 >>> Why can't we find the way?
 >>>
 >>> We promised to the death
 >>> I promise yet again
 >>> This time you can believe
 >>> You don't know where I've been
 >>>
 >>> My life, my love, my soul
 >>> I promise them to you
 >>> I vow to you my friend
 >>> I vow to you. I do
 >>>
 >>>
 >>>

>>> I am so sorry I failed to communicate with you. It will never happen again. I will never stop sharing, talking, writing, letting you know how I feel, how much you mean to me. I don't even know if I ever shared with you what I have thought of these past 26 years when I have been alone, worried or scared. Shame on me if I haven't. It is one of my most simple but beautiful and cherished memories, like a movie playing in my head. It used to be my source of strength, my inspiration. I can't tell you how many times I thought of it during the Academy alone. Because it now just makes me cry, I try not to think of it and fear I am going to lose it, like so many of my other memories. It's the memory of you and I at the Dunes the first time I took you home from college. The sun was setting, and I was already in love but didn't know how you felt about me. And then you did the sweetest thing and wrote my name in the sand alongside a heart. I'm sorry if I never told you how much that simple gesture meant to me, how it replays in my head and helped me stay calm and even smile during times of stress. Please don't let me lose that memory.

>>>
 >>> Love,
 >>> Scotty
 >>>

From: scottballock@yahoo.com
 Sent: Thursday, November 22, 2012 10:22 PM
 To: Ballock Ellen
 Subject: How Could You?

How could you be so cruel as to let me write these poems, pour my heart out to you, cry every day and night, beg for you to come back, ask you every day to restore the family, and never be truthful with me about you and kinny? I told you all along I wouldn't compete against love, would move on if you had already done so. But you kept telling me lies, leading me on, denying your relationships, toying with my heart, making quiet overtures, giving me false hope. Pure evil. I will never forgive you. I will let these memories fade.

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